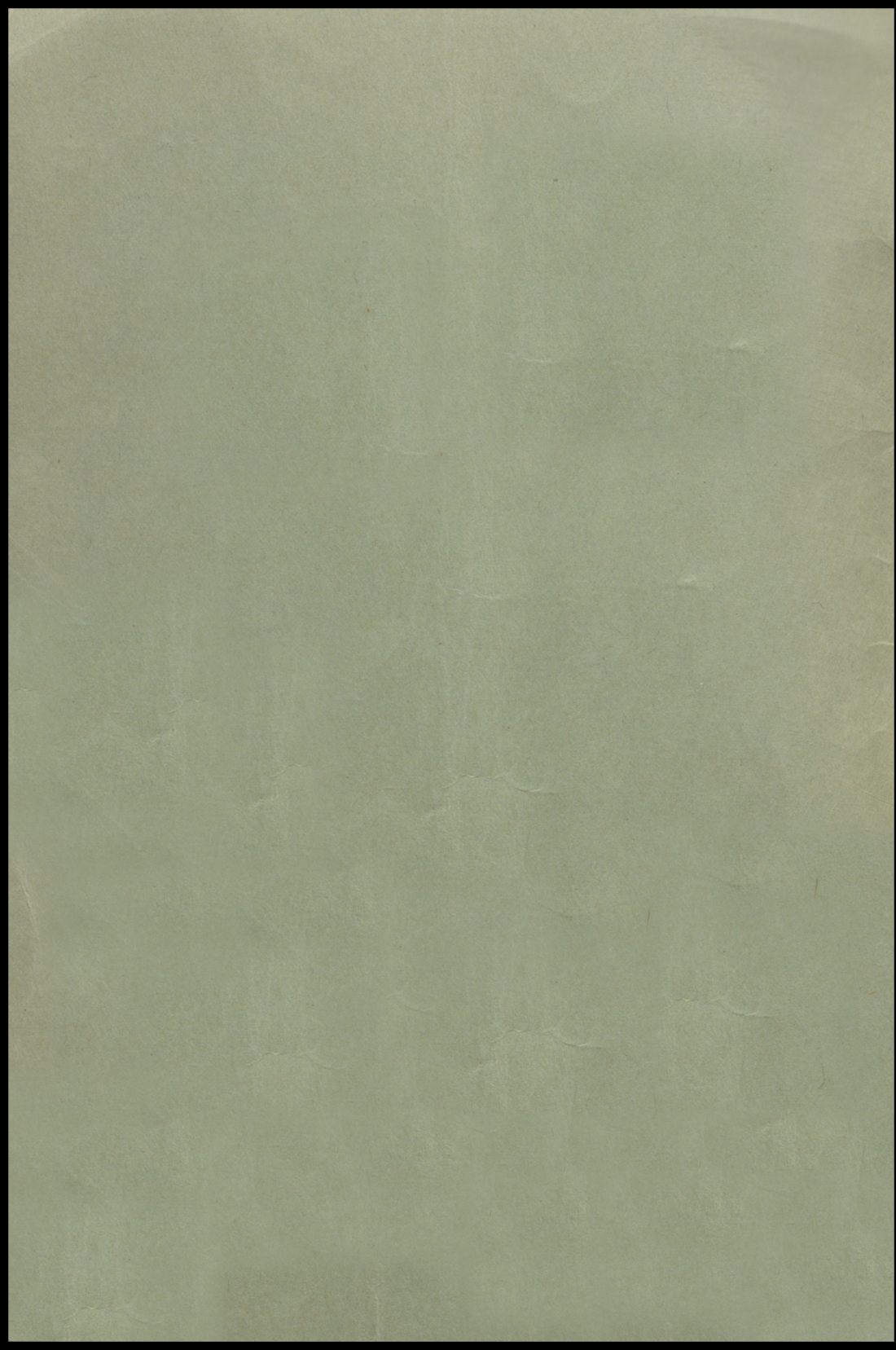
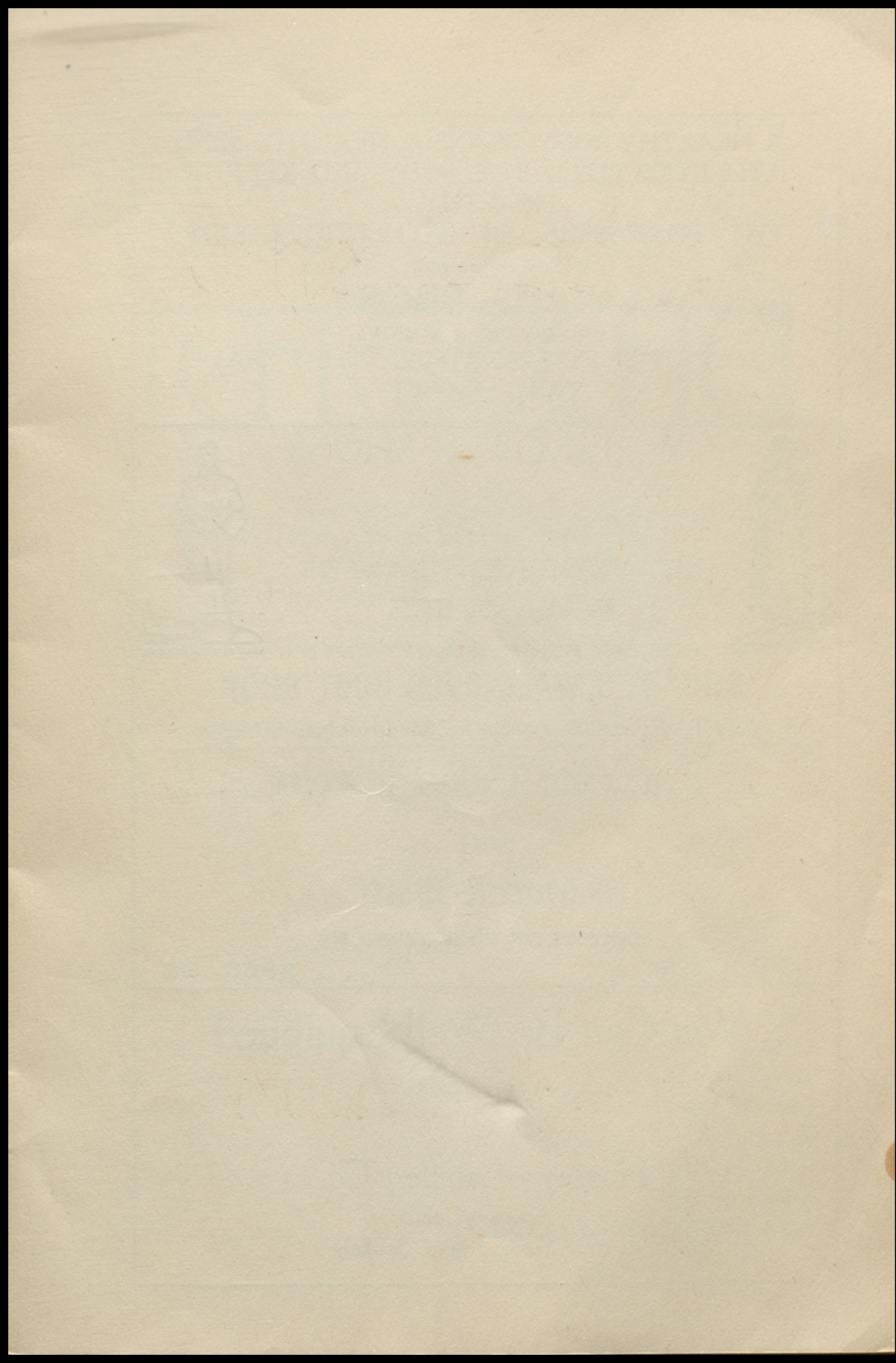


The Echo

Mar. 1921





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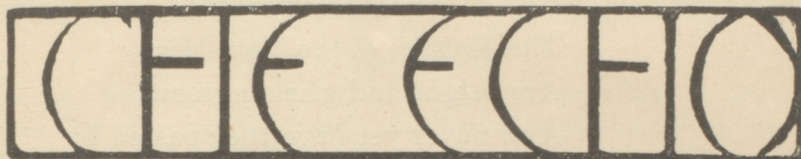
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The Freshies

The Freshes of the Vera High
Are bright and glaring green ;
And never yet have they passed by
With out there being seen.

The Sophies

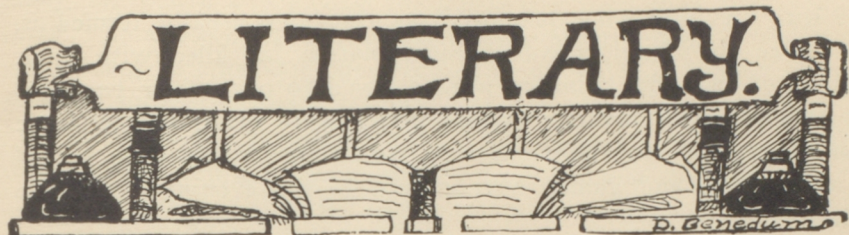
The silly Sophies are just as bad,
But in a different way,
For giggling seems to be their fad
And how they love to play !

The Juniors

The Juniors are a jolly crowd
The teachers like them all.
They know that giggling's not allowed
They're quiet in the hall.

The Seniors

They never make a noise
You ought to see them eating soup,
Especially the boys



"PLAYING SHOW"

One day some of my friends and myself were asked to hold a club meeting at a chum's home. We had formed the "Busy Bee" society about two months before. At this meeting, one of the girls mentioned the dryness of shows, another member said, "why couldn't we have a show as well as those town theaters can?" "The entertainments in this town are nothing but movies, with occasionally another kind of entertainment," remarked another girl. We were all very enthusiastic about the new plan, and everyone went home with their hearts full of ideas for the coming day.

The children decided it best not to tell their parents, as they might object. I, as well as the rest, would go around saying, "can I have this, and this too?" Mother would ask me what I wanted such funny things as rugs and old dresses for; and I would tell her that I wasn't particular, I just wanted them for fun. All the attics were ransacked in the homes of club members and those of nearly all the neighbors. We christened our new theater "The CASINO." In gilded letters of enormous size, the name was printed on cardboard, and tacked above the opening to our garage. We put some dark colored curtains on a rod, for the curtain to our stage. The floor was cemented, and in the background, we placed an elevated platform that was erected by some boys. The admission was two safety pins for every boy, and five common pins for each of the girls. One of the girls who was a helper in this undertaking, had an elder brother who was talented in music and elocution. He was a great help to us by drilling us in our parts. The show was very successful with its youthful actresses and actors. A little fairy girl came out from behind the curtain, after the show was over, and said she would give a prize to the boy and one to the girl that could balance a broomstick on the palm of his or her hand the longest. Every one thought it would be fun, so there were many competitors. The boy's prize was given to a boy named Arthur who smoked whenever he could get a chance. His prize was a cigarette, but in place of tobacco, the cigarette paper was filled with coffee.

The girl was one who "primed," as the boys usually termed it. The prize she obtained was a mentholatum jar filled with flour. Neither of the prize winners were allowed to open their packages until their arrival home. Various prizes were given for acrobatic stunts, after the entertainment was over, refreshments were served to all present, and games were played in the evening until nine o'clock.

The show proved very enjoyable to every one but the mothers. The main reason the mother did not agree, was because their children had done nothing but plan for it for the past two weeks, and the day afterward the children were too tired to do any work. All those who attended it, had a very amusing time. This gave the children something to do, and those who did not take a part in it, would have liked to. A newspaper man heard about it, and told about it in his newspaper. It kept the children away from city streets for one night at least, and they all agreed that it was better than going to an old movie show at the town theater.

VERA JOHNSON (24).

CHRISTMAS IN THE WILDERNESS

It was bitter cold in a certain logging camp in the forest of British Columbia. This camp was a busy place since there was a foot of snow on the ground at this time.

The camp consisted mainly of a cook shack and a large bunkhouse where the loggers slept. The loggers were lounging around for the noon dinner. A voice called "grub." There was a rush of hob-nailed boots and the crew surged into the cook shack.

Great pans of baked beans and venison were set the length of the rough table. Men grabbed the loaves of bread and filled the cups with steaming coffee. For fifteen minutes there was no noise or conversation.

The door opened and in walked Dan Slater a young boy of about 18 years. He was tall and well built for his age; he slid into his seat at the end of the table.

He hated the woods, the work, the snow and the penetrating cold. He knew life was hard, but he had not realized it was cruel.

A little hand touched his elbow, then a warm little body cuddled close to his side. "Want to sit by Dan," announced Bobby, his blue eyes round with admiration. Bobby, who was three years old, and his mother were at this camp. His mother was cook for the men. It was a hard life, but she was doing it for his sake.

The camp seemed a bit warmer to Dan. The boy moved over

along the bench and swung the youngster up beside him. "Sure thing!" he agreed, "What you been doing all day, kiddie?" "Driven a great big nail to hang my stockin' on." "What's that?" There was real surprise in the question.

"Haven't you remembered Christmas?" came the reply. "Didn't you 'member you hang your stockie up to-morrow night?"

"Guess I'd forgotten it," confessed the boy with an uncomfortable laugh. "Guess things have been going pretty slow in the woods to have Christmas here this year."

"Santy'll come just the same. He'll find Bobby's stockie."

"You bet he will."

"Maybe he won't, Bobby," said his mother behind them. "We're a long way in the woods and Christmas and Santa's reindeer don't like snow."

Dan caught the grief in the mother's tone, because there was sorrow in his own heart.

As Dan left the table he seemed to be in deep thought. He made his way to the bunk-house and sat on his bed. Two days later was Christmas! He did not think that Christmas was so near at hand, and Bobby expecting Christmas presents!

He rose to his feet and went out of the door to the foreman's cabin and entered. The foreman was there smoking a pipe.

"Say!" said Dan, "Did you hear what Bobby said at the table to-day?"

"Well! He's always saying something," replied the Foreman.

"Did you hear him say Santa was going to fill his stocking to-morrow night?"

"Reckon I did."

"I am going to the Falls and get something for the kid's stocking," retorted the boy.

"Couldn't make it, it's too far an' the snow's too deep."

"Gimme the day, and some of my pay an' see!"

The foreman looked at him a moment and thot of his own kiddies far down the river. "Blamed if ya' can't try," he said.

Dan drew his pay and started for the Falls with a light heart, arriving there early the next morning as the stores were opening. He made his purchases and after eating a hearty breakfast, started on the long dreary journey homeward.

As he plodded along he thot what a happy Christmas there was in store for the kiddie at the logging camp.

He was half way up the river when it began to snow. The wind began to rise and the boy knew he was in for a blizzard.

After struggling thru the storm, he arrived there early next morning as the day was breaking in the east.

He burst in the door half frozen with cold. The foreman helped him take his pack off, rubbing his face and hands and giving him a hot drink. Dan staggered to the little stocking and started to fill it. His head swam, the room seemed to be chasing itself, then all was black.

He awoke a few hours later and found he was in a bed; Bobby's mother was giving him something hot from a spoon. The foreman was standing in the doorway.

Bobby came running into the room, his eyes round with happiness.

"Ah, look Dan," he cried; "Look at my stockie, I knew there was a Santy all the time!"

"Sure thing," agreed the boy.

"Sure," echoed the foreman, "Where there is a sort of man like you, Dan."

MILLARD BENTLEY ('24).

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER OF NORJFORD

(Concluded.)

"The casket rested upon two chairs in the further corner of the old room near the solitary window. The flickering rays of the wax candles and the dull, lifeless flare of the dying embers in the clay-built fireplace cast an indescribable gloom over us all and threw a ghastly reflection upon the corpse of our beloved friend, which rested in its narrow box.

"Einar, Pier, Thron, and I sat opposite the casket and on some old chairs, which squeaked shrilly whenever we moved.

"Quite naturally," continued Ratch excitedly and with a peculiar emphasis upon each syllable, "our conversation turned to ghosts and we passed away the time talking upon that subject.

"About three hours after midnight all fell asleep except Thron and myself and we two were left alone talking about ghosts all the while.

"Suddenly I exclaimed to Thron: 'Ah, I would give much if I could see a real ghost.'

"A peculiar look, I remember, flitted over Thron's face and he answered me rather eagerly: 'If you promise to do exactly as I order you to do, Ratch, you shall see ghosts—aye, you shall see a thousand of them.'

"Heedlessly I agreed and Thron motioned me to approach the

wooden bier. Then he did a strange thing. He took from his pocket a shining crystal ball, which he held above my eyes, then commanded me to roll my eyes upward and gaze at it steadily. Gradually all became dark. Ak, Min Gud! I shudder when I think of that gruesome oblivion into which I was drawn, powerless to resist. The candle light, the fireplace, Thron's shining eyes, everything lost its palpable appearance and I was cast into an inexplicable nothingness, almost death itself."

Old Ratch finished this sentence with a shriek, and it was several minutes before he was in a condition to continue; but at last he resumed falteringly:

"All was blank; I fell into a stupor, I think. When I awoke, I was lying in the house of the deacon, which served usually as the village hospital. I had a large gash in my forehead, evidently caused by a fall or by a blow from an instrument.

"All the previous events in my life were a blank, which condition I believe was caused by the wound which I had received.

"Until the time when the locket so strangely recalled my past to me, I have lived in a nightmare. I have imagined strange things—ghostly figures—which verified Thron's prophecy. My strange actions since that night have borne out the belief of everybody that intense grief over Jaspar's death had deranged my mind. From that time I have never seen my friends and I do not yet know what has become of them. Since that fatal night I have gone about my daily work blankly and without purpose."

Now the oil lamp in the tower had grown dim and Old Ratch tottered up the narrow stairs to refill it while I was left sitting alone musing upon the strange and almost incredible tale which I had heard.

The storm increased in volume, the air was rent with shrieks of the wind. In the midst of this hellish tumult, a scratching, groaning, tapping sound was heard from below, from the bottom of the tower. Slowly the sound approached the chamber in which I was sitting alone, frozen with a strange terror. Then the door opened and in crept a creature meant to be a man, a wet, bearded man, covered with water, and blood from his wounds.

"My God, man—or are you beast—what do you want?" I yelled at him.

The strange man gazed at me in terror. "I am dying, dying!" he exclaimed—"I am Thron Bosen and I am dying."

"You! Thron Bosen! Where did you come from?"

"The ship upon which I was coming to Norway from England

was wrecked about half a mile away and the waves have washed me upon this island—but I am dying—I am dying—may the Lord forgive my sins!” answered Bosen in hollow tones.

“Ah,” I questioned him, “did you cause the death of Jaspar Ryng?”

“Jaspar Ryng? No! no!” shrieked the terrified Bosen, “I never did—I never did it!”

“Yes you did!” spoke a voice from the upper door of the lighthouse. It was the voice of Old Ratch who had come back from the tower. “Yes, Du Djaevel, you killed him—and look what you have done to my life! I am Old Ratch, the lighthouse keeper!”

Thron gazed at Ratch in horror and agony—“Take him away—away!” he shouted. “Let me have peace!”

The confession which Thron made while groveling upon the floor is too terrible to repeat. I shall only say that Thron was the brother of the dead Jaspar and had been the black sheep of the Ryng family. At an early age he had run away from home and started on his criminal career. To escape the consequences of one of his crimes, he had fled to his brother for protection, but upon discovering that Jaspar had a considerable amount of gold hidden, he murdered him to secure possession of it.

Thron Ryng, or Thron Bosen, as we have known him, had killed his brother by means of hypnotism, an art which he had learned while in Europe. Unfortunately for Thron, he could not secure his brother's wealth as easily as he had anticipated because it had been hidden so well. However, at the burial of his brother, Thron, believing that one of the friends of his brother might possibly know of the gold, had secured the secret from Old Ratch while he was under hypnotic influence. Then, to get rid of Ratch, he had attempted to slay him; but Ratch recovered partially, as we have seen.

“Where are my friends?” asked Ratch of Thron after the confession had been heard.

“They were drowned while fishing two days after Jaspar's burial,” answered Thron.

At this instant I noticed for the first time that I still held the mysterious locket tightly clenched in my hand, so spellbound had I been held by Ratch's story. “Here, my friend,” I said, handing it to Ratch, “this is your locket, I presume?”

But Thron, now in his dying contortions, had caught sight of it while it was being passed to Ratch. A look of intense horror came

over his face. "The locket, oh where did you get it? My murders follow—me everywhere I go—I was sure—I had left—it—that it had fallen—from my chain when—I—murdered—Jacob—Lee!"

Then he expired.

There is little left to add. Thron was identified as the murderer of M. Lee by his finger prints, and the reward offered for his capture dead or alive, was given to me. I gave three-fourths of it to Ratch.

Ratch is now peacefully rounding out his life at his old home in the lighthouse, which he could never be persuaded to leave, and in a few more years, no doubt, he will rejoin his friend in a better home.

I, after reaching America, gave up the detective trade, and secured another position as butler.

—Exchange.

THE END.

A BASEBALL GAME

In Greenboro it was the custom every Spring for the boys of that town to play a game of baseball with the boys of the neighboring town, Springdale.

Of course to the boys, this game was one of the greatest events of the year. As soon as the snow melted from the ground, the boys would commence practising baseball every time they got a chance. By the time the great day arrived, each team was well prepared to meet the opponent. Now it happened that the Greenboro boys had won the game for many years and naturally this made the Springdale boys rather discouraged. But all the Springdale boys needed on former occasions to win the game, was someone to put a little pep into them, as their team knew the rules and played the game well. This year they had hope of winning because a red-headed, freckled faced boy, commonly known by the name of "pepper," had moved into the village and instantly claimed the place of pitcher. Now "Pepper" was an excellent pitcher, as he could throw straight, swift, and hard balls, inside and outside curves, and drops. The boys soon were very enthusiastic and became a wide-awake, quick, active team with Pepper as captain.

The great event was to take place on a Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock at Springdale. At last the day arrived and with it came great excitement and cheering. Everywhere on the school campus could be seen small groups of students earnestly engaged in baseball conversation. School was dismissed at 2:30 o'clock. Greenboro's team of boys arrived sharply at 2:45 and as the time grew

nearer and nearer there assembled all around the baseball diamond a large crowd of spectators. As the teams were getting ready to play, the Springdale boys discovered, to their great horror and astonishment, that Pepper was missing. The team was so utterly surprised and shocked that at first they were dazed and seemed unable to comprehend the fact. They soon, however, survived the shock and got down to business. By rapid inquiry they learned that Pepper had not been seen since noon. Immediately the boys set out to find their leader, because they knew that without him the game would be lost. Minutes just flew by, but still no Pepper showed up. They had searched the whole town, including every dark alley but it looked almost as if Pepper had dropped off the face of the earth. It was now five minutes to three. The boys again met on the diamond and held a consultation. Surely they were looking despair in the face. They had scarcely two minutes left but still they never gave up hopes. At last the appointed hour arrived and the boys reluctantly took their places on the diamond with a substitute in the pitcher's box, and the game began. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood six to nothing in favor of the Greenboro team. It looked like a sure victory for Greenboro. The Springdale boys were about disheartened and began to lose their enthusiasm for the game, when all of a sudden a very red-faced, red-headed, excited boy came racing down the road toward the diamond. Loud cheers went up from the Springdale boys while their opponents stood aghast and two of their number looked from one to the other in great astonishment. Pepper hurriedly made an explanation to his team and a five-minute intermission was given after which the players took their places for the sixth inning with Pepper in the pitcher's box. Boy after boy was fanned out, by his excellent pitching, while his own team gained five scores.

The ninth inning found the Springdale players at the bat and victory that by careless playing he gave the batter a walk. Pepper took the bat next and made a three-base hit, sending the two on in no time they had made two out; without a score; however they had a man on third base. Greenboro's pitcher felt so certain of the bases home, and adding two more scores. Cheer after cheer went up for the hero. The pitcher became more cautious and fanned the next batter, making a final out. This ended the game, with a score of seven to six in favor of Springdale. The Greenboro boys accepted their defeat with signs of disappointment and within themselves, they keenly felt the pangs of disgrace, for well they knew what caused Pepper's absence at the beginning of the game. Two of

their players had enticed Pepper into a vacant building as he was returning from his noon lunch. There they gagged and tied him. After much effort he got one hand loose and by using the Morse code, learned in Scout training, he attracted the attention of a Boy Scout patrol leader who happened to be passing and came to his assistance. Thus we see that the "Survival of the Slickest" is a fake slogan, and that the clean, honest, sportsman-like game generally carries off the honors.

FLORENCE BARNEY (English I.)

THE TWO BATTLES

The Red Brick walls of Weston High School had never seemed more cold than they did one night late in October. The sun was just going down and the evening was cold and quiet.

It was the evening of the Girls' Basket Ball Tryout. Edith Monroe had worked all fall with no other goal than high standing in her school work, which she had always had and a position on the Girls' Basket Ball Team.

She had spent hours in the gym shooting baskets. And now the coach had picked out the team and Edith Monroe was to be a substitute forward. "Sub!" she exclaimed scornfully as she hurried homeward, "Sub!" Tomorrow I'll tell that coach, Miss Stenson, I won't play sub. The idea! I positively know that I play better than Janice and Mabel.

Edith had dressed hurriedly in order to avoid walking home with Janice, the only girl who lived in the direction she did, altho Janice had asked her to wait for her a few minutes.

When she reached home she still had felt misused and badly treated, but that night after she had gone to bed, she decided not to refuse to play "sub." However she resolved to "get even" in some way at all costs.

The first two weeks passed and she practiced daily, and when the first game was almost due, she began to realize that it would mean hard work if her school was going to win. At last the long looked for day arrived and the first team girls all dressed and filed out into the gymnasium and practiced a few minutes. The whistle blew and each girl took her place. Edith was on the side line, altho she felt she would not get a chance to play.

The ball was tossed up. The center from the Lincoln school got the ball first and then the Weston guards and Lincoln forwards were the center of all attention. The ball passed from one to another. The forward from Lincoln made the first basket. The score

passed from one to another and the supporters of each school made a great deal of noise as they yelled, cheered and sang. The score at the close of the first half was seven to five in favor of Lincoln. Edith was so angry at the coach because of the tryout that she had decided not to exert herself in any way. She also made up her mind that she didn't care very much which side won. Mabel was very tired and came to Edith saying that she was tired and wished Edith would play in her place. Edith was about to say that a forward's place was to play the game, but seeing the anxious look on her face decided at once that she would play. Therefore at the beginning of the second half she found herself out on the floor. Just before the whistle blew some one shouted Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Edith! Edith! Edith! and then the whole student body cheered for Edith.

Edith felt the stubbornness and angriness suddenly leaving her, and she said to herself, "they trust me, they expect me to do my best, and I guess I will. Yes, I will!"

If anyone ever witnessed good playing, it was the spectators that evening. The old gym simply rang with cheers for Edith. And at the end of the game Edith felt that she had been fighting two battles. One was the fight between right and wrong, the other was between Lincoln and Weston. Right and Weston were the witnesses.

After the game the coach came up to her and said, "We want you on our team. Will you please forgive us and play the rest of the scheduled games with us?" Edith's coldness was gone and she was once again the impulsive, dear girl that people had known in the past. "Forgive you," she exclaimed, "will you please forgive me? I have been so selfish, but the other games are all easy, so please let Mabel keep her place as forward; she can play as well as I anyway. Let me finish this year as sub. I need the punishment." Edith resolved not to be selfish, and to be a real friend to all the girls.

LAURA BELLE GALBRAITH ('24).

Mr. Freeman, in history class, asked one of the pupils: "How many voyages did Columbus make?"

"Three," was the answer.

"No, he made four," he corrected.

"But I don't know a thing about that fourth voyage," protested the pupil. "I don't even know where he went."

"I don't either," he agreed. "He died just a few days after he started out from port."

THE PSALM OF HATE

(By Edwin Linke.)

My car is a Ford;
I shall not want another.
It maketh me to lie down in wet places,
It soileth my clothes,
It guideth me in the paths of ridicule for its name's sake.
Yea though it runneth thru the valley, it is towed up the hills.
I cannot have happiness while it is with me;
Its rods, and its engines discomfort me;
Its tank runneth over.
It prepareth a breakdown before me in the presence of mine enemies;
It anointeth my head with oil.
Sure to goodness and mercy, if this thing followeth me,
I will dwell in the house of the insane forever.

—SELAH.

DRESS UP DAY

About five years ago we children who lived on Pleasant Hill in the small town of Odessa grew tired of playing tag, run-sheep-run, anti-over, and similar games, so we arranged to have a "Dress Up Day" on the following Monday. Naturally this caused much excitement and during the days which intervened we eagerly searched every attic, garret and cellar in our neighborhood for costumes in which to dress. Until after several trips were made, a great deal of rummaging was done. We finally succeeded in finding, to our great delight, some old fashioned clothes out of which, with the aid of ribbons, needles, thread and scissors, we made ourselves the kind of costumes we desired.

We all looked forward to the great day when, with banners streaming and colors gleaming we would march, in one grand parade, through the main street of Odessa. It had been decided that we were to meet in Michaelson's barn. On the appointed day, sharply at two o'clock, there assembled a crowd of youngsters in this famous barn dressed in all ages of costumes. There was Martha Washington, George Washington, Charley Chaplin, Maggie and Jiggs, Old Mother Hubbard, Uncle Sam, Mutt and Jeff, the Katzenjammer Kids, the Gold Dust Twins, Little Bo Peep, Little Boy Blue and the May Queen which was the main character in the parade. This beautiful Queen with a shining crown upon her

head and with her pages, knights and ladies, at her command, gave the signal to march. Seated upon her glorious chariot which was an apple box placed in a small red wagon with an old faded-out blue umbrella over her head, she grandly lead the procession. As we tramped along yelling, singing and beating upon tin pans every little dirty faced Russian in the town joined our procession. We attracted the attention of all the townspeople.

We were such an overjoyed crowd that little did we notice that Little Boy Blue who was becoming tired with so much walking, trailed far behind the rest of us, and as we passed the Michaelson barn on our return, the little fellow, being about worn out, stopped to rest and fell asleep on the hay. We finally disbanded with a "grand and glorious" feeling of success, but it was not long before an over-anxious mother was phoning in all directions inquiring for her missing boy. We searched and searched in vain but Little Boy Blue was lost and could not be found. However, at milking time, Mr. Michaelson found the little boy fast asleep on a pile of hay, and restored him to his mother.

FLORENCE BARNEY

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP CUP

School had just let out, and it was three o'clock when the high school basket ball team had all gone down to their lockers. They were getting ready for their last practice before they played the game that decided the winner of the County Championship Cup in basket ball.

Soon the boys were ready to start their practice game and they stayed for one-half an hour when a second rest period was announced. Bob, one of the forwards, had gone into the locker room, and as many times before he gave another look at the cup which he had set his heart upon winning. As he passed on into the locker room he stopped in front of his locker. He was not thinking of what he came after, but thinking of the time when the cup would be his.

Suddenly he heard voices speaking. It was the coach of Radcliff's, the same old coach who had taught him many sly tricks in playing basket ball. The coach was speaking to a former basket ball player, who had won the Championship Cup the year before. The coach was speaking loud enough so any one listening might hear. Bob soon heard his name mentioned and he then began to listen more attentively to the conversation. He soon heard the

coach say he was worried about the oncoming game, and was afraid that Radcliff would lose all on account of Bob not doing good team work with his partner. "Bob wants to do all the scoring so he will win the cup. He will even shoot for a basket when he knows that he could not possibly make one, but if he would only throw the ball to his partner, we would have one more score, as his partner could easily make a basket. Bob is just selfish; he wants the cup and he also wants the praise. If he does not get the cup he doesn't want any one else to have it." Bob knew that he should not be eavesdropping but he was so fascinated with the conversation that he did not move until the coach and his friend had gone.

Bob began to wonder if what he had heard was true. He finally came to the conclusion that most of it was. He then decided to prove his coach's opinions of him to be wrong. Soon he heard the whistle blow for the game to begin again. He was soon playing again, but during the game he noticed many incidents where his partner could have made the baskets better than he, still Bob always tried, altho many times he failed.

Soon the game was over and the coach advised him to rest well that night so as to be able to win the oncoming game with the University.

Bob thot of the conversation many times; he even dreamed that he had won the cup. Bob had already resolved that he would not be selfish in the game on the morrow.

The game was to begin at seven thirty and an hour before the game started all the seats had been taken and when the game began many were standing. Soon the game started and in the first half Radcliff scored ahead of the University. They were playing the last quarter, when both sides were even. They only had two minutes left to find out which side would be victorious. Bob got the ball in his hands; he could try for a basket and perhaps make it and win the cup and that was worth trying for, but if he failed to make a basket the game would be lost for Radcliff. If Bob would throw the ball to his partner and do a little team work he was almost sure that his partner could make the basket, but by doing so, he would lose the cup, but he was unselfish enough to put the school pride before his own and passed the ball to his partner who scored a basket and who won the cup fair and square.

When the game was over and Radcliff had won, and it was time for the presentation of the cup, when the presenter came forward and gave the cup to Bob, Bob was so surprised he didn't know what to do; but he finally was able to tell them that they had made

a mistake, that the cup belonged to his partner. He was still more surprised when he was told that no mistake had been made and he was the winner of the cup.

After the crowd had diminished Bob sought the coach out and told him that he had overheard the conversation and he was sorry for listening, but the coach told him that it was all right as he had seen Bob go into the locker room and also had seen him look at the cup longingly. The coach said that he had prepared the conversation for Bob's own benefit.

At last Bob's strongest ambition had been accomplished—the winning and ownership of the County Championship Cup in Basket Ball.

HELEN HAND ('24).

Miss McCorkell—"Have you ever been through algebra?"

Olen—"Yes, but it was in the night, and I didn't see much of the place."

* * *

Ruth Olson—"Russell has been filing old love letters."

Florence Olson—"Are they that rough?"

* * *

Mildred Irby—"So this is Alaska?"

Guide—"Nome."

* * *

Donald A.—"Say jeweler, why doesn't my watch keep time?"

Jeweler—"There's a pretty girl in the case."

* * *

Vernon Gibbs—"What is a dry dock, Sid?"

Sid—"A thirsty physician."

* * *

Russell Johnson—"Have you heard about the new labels they're going to put on cider bottles?"

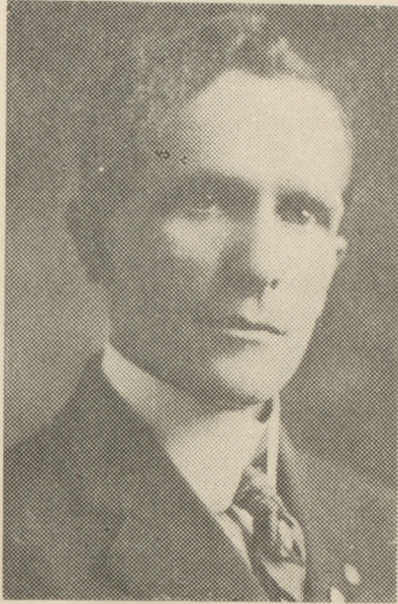
Lloyd J.—"No--What?"

Russell—"I. W. W. It won't work."

* * *

Miss McCorkle—"What is the matter, Wyman, can't you multiply 10 by 5? I know Millard can."

Wyman Cox—"Yes, they say fools multiply rapidly these days."



Mr. Proudfit.

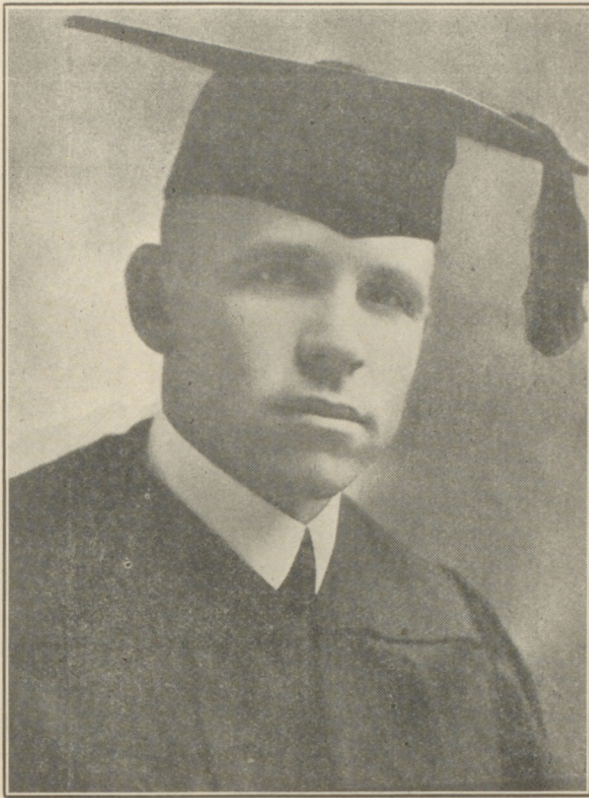
Robert B. Proudfit, principal of the Vera School, is well known to most of us for this is the third year that our school have been under his splendid and successful supervision.

He is a man of great efficiency and takes an unusual interest and pride in his pupils and their progress. He is optimistic and never too busy to smile and give a word of cheer and encouragement to pupil, teacher, or parent. We hope to have him at the head of our school always.



Miss Smith.

Naomi Smith comes from the Spangle High School. She brings with her a very excellent record, both as a teacher, and as a debate coach, and we feel that she has lived up to it. Miss Smith is a graduate of Washington State College. She teaches English in the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Classes. She also teaches General Science, besides coaching the debating team, and having charge of the library. She has a great deal of work to do; she does it all thoroughly and well, and expects her pupils to do theirs in the same manner.



Mr. Freeman.

George W. Freeman is a graduate of the Spokane University, having completed a course in Liberal Arts there. He is our Latin, Mathematics and History teacher, having acquired special training in these subjects.

Mr. Freeman took an active part in athletics at the University, and was on the first Base Ball team there. He is our athletic director this year, as may be seen by the splendid record of the boys' basket ball team. The estimable work which he has done with the team this year speaks well of his ability as a coach.



Miss Russell.

Miss Russell is known by almost everyone in Vera. The greater part of her life has been spent here.

She is a graduate of the Cheney High School and the Cheney State Normal School. Before teaching at Vera she taught at Coulee City and last year at Opportunity. She is particularly fond of athletics and Home Economics, and these are the subjects she teaches this year along with music and Business Arithmetic.

Under the leadership of Miss Russell we have had a great deal of "pep" shown at the basket ball games which has been manifested by the songs and yells.

As coach of the girls' team she has done some splendid work, for the girls' basket ball team has surely made a fine showing in the games they have played.



MISS McCORKLE

Miss May McCorkle, our Seventh Grade teacher, came here from Opportunity with very high recommendations. She is a graduate of Medical Lake High School, took past-graduate work there and also an extension course at Cheney Normal.

Miss McCorkle is a musician of great ability and considered one of the best in Sookane. She is highly esteemed by both her pupils and the High School students.

LITERARY

According to the usual custom, the high school was divided into two sides for the purpose of holding literary contests. These sides elected their own leaders. Ruth Wilsey was elected by one side, and Esther Barney by the other. Because of editorial duties, Esther Barney was forced to resign and Vivian Shaw, who had the second largest number of votes, assumed her duties. After much discussion, it was decided to call the sides after their leader, instead of following the usual custom of giving each side a different name. The first program was as follows:

Ruth's side—Affirmative of debate: Harold Cole, Edwin Linke.
Essay—Marcel Cole.

Declamation—Florence Barney.

Optional—Ruth and Floral Elsom.

Vivian's side—Negative of debate: Vernon Gillespie, Harvey Horn.

Essay—Louise Stewart.

Declamation—Vivian Shaw.

Optional—Ruth Olson and Frances Bates.

The question for debate was: Resolved, that labor unions as they now exist are beneficial to society as a whole. The decision was in favor of the negative. Vivian's side won, 13-8.

The second program was a double one.

Ruth's side:

Speech—Lawrence Hill.

First Essay—Vesta Shaw.

First Declamation—Irene Kirby.

Second Essay—Millard Bentley.

Second Declamation—Mattie Mars.

Optional—Vera Abrams.

Vivian's side:

Speech—Denver Cogley.

First Essay—Nellie Stewart.

First Declamation—Louise Rudrud.

Second Essay—Tena Danklefs.

Second Declamation—Forfeited.

The discussion was in favor of Ruth's side. The points now stand 77-40, in favor of Ruth's side.



CURRENT EVENTS

- Dec. 8. Miss Burns and Mrs. Kemp, representatives of the Spokane chapter of Red Cross, visiting High School, gave interesting talks on the importance of Home Hygiene and Practical Nursing in the Home.
- Dec. 13. Dr. Allen, who has done missionary work in Persia, addressed the Student Body. He spoke in the interest of the starving children of Armenia.
- Dec. 17. The first public meeting in the new school Auditorium was the Vera-Millwood debate. This was the first debate of the season and a large audience assembled. The question for discussion was, Resolved: That a county unit of administration and finances is preferable for the state of Washington. Vera school was represented by Dorothy Allen, James Thomas and Paul Shetter. The Vera debaters were victorious.
- Dec. 18. The opening Basket Ball game of the season was played at Millwood between both the girls' and the boys' teams of the Millwood school and the Vera school. Vera won both games.
- Dec. 21. The Parent-Teacher Association held a meeting at the school house. A lecture, "Near East Relief," was given by Dr. Allen of Persia. Some of Mrs. Cheney's pupils took part in the program. Reta McCabe gave a reading and Jessie Long sang a solo. The Vera Orchestra played several selections.
- Dec. 24. The High School Christmas Tree afforded much mirth and gayety. Each class gave a humorous stunt and Santa Claus remembered students and teachers with inexpensive gifts.
- Dec. 29. The boys' Basket Ball team played a team chosen from the Alumni members. The Alumni players were, Rich-Cisna, Edgar Waybright, Arthur Post, Russell Elsom and Hugh Hanson. The High School boys won.

- Jan. 6. Vera boys' team won a game of Basket Ball played at Millwood with a team representing the Paper Mill.
- Jan. 8. The girls' and the boys' teams of the Elk High School played the Vera teams at Vera. Vera won both games. The Domestic Science class served lunch to the players after the game and Francis Bates gave a dancing party at her home.
- Jan. 11. The Parent-Teachers' Association gave its First Annual Banquet for the purpose of dedicating the new Auditorium. A large crowd assembled and were served to a three-course dinner by Miss Ray Russell, Home Economics teacher, assisted by girls of her Home Economics classes. Mrs. Clayton Smith was toastmistress. Mr. Freeman returned thanks, and toasts were given by Mr. Proudfit, Mr. Green, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Olson, Miss Smith and Dorothy Allen. The following program was rendered: Vocal duet, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Remer; paper, Mrs. Sommers; vocal duet, Francis Bates and Ruth Olsen.
- Jan. 7. Literary program was given. This was the first program of the season. Many visitors were present.
- Jan. 14. The boys' and the girls' teams of Vera played a game of Basket Ball at Otis Orchard with the teams of that school. Our boys were victorious but the girls lost.
- Jan. 18. Vera girls' team and the Spokane University girls' team played a game of Basket Ball at the University. Vera was victorious.
- Jan. 21. Our debaters met the Spangle team in debate at Spangle and carried away the honors.
- Jan. 28. Return games of Basket Ball were played with Millwood in the new Vera gymnasium, which was packed with spectators. Both games were very interesting and exciting. The girls of both schools showed good coaching, however. Vera scored the highest and won. The boys' game was swift and thrilled with excitement, but it was a clean, hard fought game. Millwood went down in defeat to Vera.

Naughty Senior Boys.

Last night I held a little hand. So dainty and so neat, I thot my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly it did beat.

No other hand unto my soul

Could greater solace bring,

Than what I held last night, which was Four Aees and a King.

GRADE NEWS

First and Second Grades.

Miss Williams has forty-two pupils enrolled in her grades. Eighteen of these are in the First and twenty-four in the Second.

All the pupils are doing fine work. The Second Grade has read through three different readers and the First Grade has completed their Primer and are now ready for their Reader.

Pupils neither absent nor tardy for the first semester are: Patricia Herboth and Josepha Herboth.

Billy Williams of Trent entered the First Grade last month.

A Story.

Once when I went to bed I heard a lot of noise on the porch. I said to myself, "This will be the end of my life." Then I saw a big, big man with a night shirt on. He rubbed his hands. Then he went off to the corner. I heard him cocking his gun. I pinched my daddy and awoke him.—Paul Filer, Grade II.

Third and Fourth Grades.

Mrs. Pearsons, teacher of the Third and Fourth Grades, reports that Ruth Allen holds the record for attendance in her room, as she was neither absent nor tardy during the first semester.

In the contest between the First and Second Rows in both Third and Fourth Grades, the Second Row in each grade succeeded in winning the half holiday, which was the reward for the best average work for the six weeks.

The Fourth Grade was entertained by Master Harold Castle at his home, Saturday, January 22. It was in honor of his eleventh birthday. A good time was reported by all.

Fifth and Sixth Grades.

The Fifth and Sixth Grades are very enthusiastic over basketball. They have played Opportunity twice, and although they were beaten both times they are not discouraged. Arthur Barney is captain of the team.

Mable Escue has the honor of being the only Fifth or Sixth grade pupil that has been neither absent nor tardy.

There are forty-three pupils in Mrs. Cheney's room. Twenty-three are in the Fifth grade and twenty in the Sixth grade. These are doing splendid work, many of their grades averaging over ninety.

THE SNOWSTORM

The clouds grew darker and darker, until the sun was entirely hidden by them. Then the wind began to blow and in a minute the air was filled with snow flakes, fluttering, twisting and dancing. They came down so fast, that soon the ground was covered with a blanket of fleecy white. It looked as if Mother Nature had put cotton over her children to keep them warm. Soon Old North Wind, as if wanting to spite Mother Nature, began to blow harder and piled the snow in drifts. As suddenly as it had begun, the snow storm stopped and soon the sun shone brightly again.

SARA ALLISON (Seventh Grade).

A CANYON

It was a deep mountain canyon, wild and lonely, barely lighted by the setting sun. The overhanging cliffs cast fantastic shadows over the bottom, which was covered with shale that had broken from the top and rattled down. There were a few scraggly bushes and shrubs scattered over the sides. The bottom had evidently once been the bed of a mountain stream, but had dried up during the many generations. It was the very type of loneliness and desolation found in the cold and bleak mountains of the North.

MARIE GILLESPIE (Seventh Grade).

A SCENE AROUND THE FIREPLACE

On a stormy winter night the snow was falling thick and fast. Inside a neat little cottage on a lonely country road, a merry group of children were romping and playing. Seated near was the gray-haired grandmother dozing in an easy chair. Some knitting was lying on her lap. On the hearth was an old hickory log, which burned brightly and furnished the only light and warmth of the room.

ANNA HERBOTH (Seventh Grade).

A CANYON

The canyon was narrow and high, with walls of many beautiful colors. In some places vines and creepers climbed slowly up the steep sides. A small stream wound its merry way between the rocks on the canyon floor. Farther along the canyon widened, the walls became lower, and flowers, grass and trees grew beside the stream. Against the fartherest wall, stood a neat little cabin. The door opened and a man walked out and disappeared into the woods.

ROLAND SMITH (Seventh Grade).

A CLOCK'S SECRET

As clocks are not as a rule very modest, there is no reason why I should not introduce myself. I am a large clock residing in the Old English Room, and the way the pupils and teachers look at me you would think they would be lost without me.

Now that I have been properly introduced I think you are qualified to hear a little secret of mine. I am dead stuck on that little gold watch of Miss Partch's. It has the prettiest little hands you ever saw and such a pretty little face.

Now, that is not all, because I almost think that she is stuck on me too, because the other day I was three minutes slower than she was and she waited till I caught up with her. But—my joy was short lived because my hands are very loose and very soon I was five minutes faster than she and then Miss Partch tho't I was prevaricating for she sent Sylvia (that's my girl's name), into the assembly with an old Eighth Grade boy to be set with the clock in there. I bet he tried to flirt with her but I know it didn't do him any good because when she came back she winked at me—Oh! Boy!

MENFORD COLE (Eighth Grade).

A MOTOR ROMANCE

"We must elope," purred Kissel Jordan, her eyes shining like Prest-O-Lites, "for father will never Grant his consent." Winton Allen jumped to his feet. The words struck like a Pierce-Arrow, and his Anglo-Saxon blood boiled like an over-heated radiator.

"Your father would put police of National fame on the Case," she cut in.

"No," said Winton, "we shall Dodge them by taking the Lexington road Overland to Oakland, then we shall be at liberty to go east. There I have a beautiful home where the verandah overhangs the Hudson. Such a dwelling I can well a-Ford."

"When the Moon shines down on your Auburn beauty," he continued, "we shall turn over a new Paige in the book of life and anew. In a Goodyear we will have a little runabout."

Kissel turned to hide her Peerless blush.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

When the school year opened this fall, prospects for winning the basket ball championship were only fair. As the year advanced, however, and victory after victory was added to the list, Vera High was considered a serious contender for the County championship.

Altho the team was light, it soon developed a great deal of speed and has shown splendid team work through the year. Fast and effective passes have been responsible for most of the victories of the team this year.

On the defensive side of the team, Ted Huntley and Leo Sullivan have every ability to keep down the score which the opposing forwards might have made under less capable guarding.

As forwards Russell Johnson, Lloyd Johnson and Emmett Ainsworth have done excellent work; and so far their equal has not been met either in playing the floor or in shooting baskets.

In the pivot position James Thomas has admirably done his part, being fast and excellent in team work. As for tipping the ball he has yet to meet an opponent who can do it more effectively.

As yet the Vera team has not known defeat, having to its credit two victories from Millwood, one from Elk, one from Otis Orchard, one from Greenacres, two from Spokane U second team and one from Millwood Paper Mill team and also one from the Vera Alumni.

The victories have in most cases been comparatively easy altho some have been hard fought. In these victories the team has scored 255 points while their opponents have scored only 152.

We feel that we have a right to be proud of a team which has fought so valiantly for old Vera High.

Especially were we proud of the victory which was won from Millwood last month. Four hundred spectators from all over the valley watched with breathless interest the progress of the game. After what seemed one endless time the game came to an end amid the cheers of rooters from the Vera High and from other schools of the Valley, indicating that Vera had won.

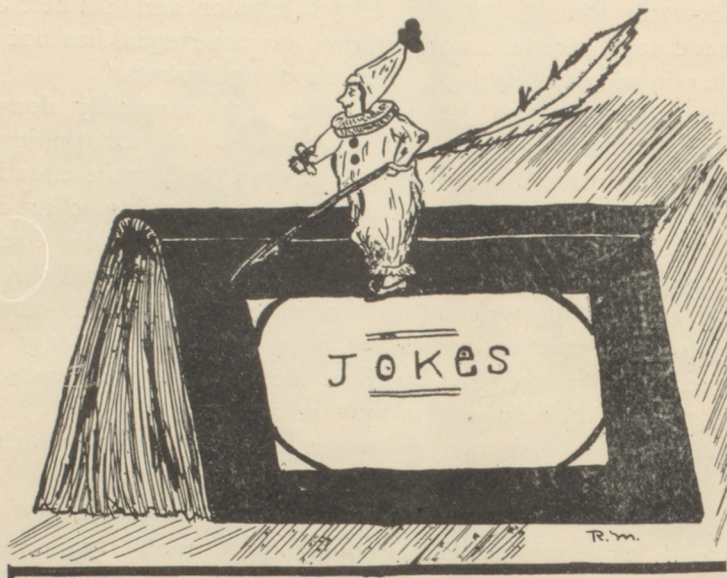
GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Basket ball season this year opened with much enthusiasm and vim. This is our second year in the league, and because so many of the girls were interested in basket ball, we had plenty of good material to chose from. We feel much encouraged by the record our girls have made so far. They have played four games this season, and lost but one. The scores are as follows:

Vera 23, Millwood 5; Vera 28, Elk 2; Vera 4, Otis 25; Vera 8, Millwood 4.

Our next game will be with Otis Orchards, and we are all deeply interested in the outcome, for the school which wins will be entitled to the championship of this district.

Much honor is due to our coach, Miss Russell, who has spent much of her time and energy in training the girls, and making it possible for the girls to put forth their best efforts. Bernice Irby, center; Lena Lowe, and Cleo Lilly, forwards; and Florence Olson, Frances Bates, guards, were on the team last year. The new members are Mildred Irby, Vera Johnson and Marguerite Thomas. Tho amateur players, they have shown much ability and we feel that when they have had a little more experience and training, they will be some of the best players that Vera has ever had.



Correct.

"What are the two principal functions of United States money?" asked Mr. P.

Homer—"To have and to hold."

* * *

Edwin—"Isn't a burglar a man of iron nerve, though?"

Emmett—"I thought he was a man of steal."

* * *

Jim—"Who was Nero Russ? Wasn't he the chap who was always cold?"

Russell—"No, that was Zero, another guy altogether."

* * *

Homer Coyle (in Printing)—"What comes after death, a comma?"

Ralph P.—"No, funeral."

* * *

Cathryne L. (dancing)—"I could dance to heaven with you."

Marcel—"Could you reverse?"

* * *

"How much are apples?" "Two bits a peck."

Russell Johnson—"What do you think I am, a bird?"

* * *

Vernon—"What time does school begin?"

Teacher—"8:30 sharp."

Vernon—"Well, if I'm not here don't wait for me."

Edwin Linke—"I tried to persuade Mr. Proudfit to let us have dancing at school."

Emmett—"Ha! Ha! How'd you come out?"

Edwin—"On my ear."

* * *

Esther B.—"Hasn't Mr. Freeman beautiful teeth?" "They remind me of stars."

Rufus—"Why stars?"

Esther—"Don't they come out every night?"

* * *

Miss Smith—"Where is Panama?"

Dorothy Allen—"On page 41, Miss Smith."

* * *

Francis (after playing B. B.)—"Say kids, I've lost my tongue, and can't put on my shoe."

* * *

In Business Arithmetic Class.

Clara—"I don't see how they got that answer."

Miss R.—"Well, listen here, Clara, where is your 54 cents? It seems that you have lost your (cents) sense entirely."

* * *

Mr. Olson—"This lettuce tastes rotten. Did you wash it?"

Mrs. Olson—"Of course, with perfumed soap, too."

* * *

Catherine Leighton—"Aren't Marcel's fingers rather long?"

Emmet Ainsworth—"Well, you see he used to be Yell Leader at a deaf and dumb institute."

* * *

Esther Barney—"Men used to blow out the gas."

Francis Bates—"And now they step on it."

* * *

Florence B.—"That coat is too short for you."

Vera Johnson—"Well it will be long enough before I get another one."

* * *

"Why did you break your engagement with that teacher?"

"Because, every night I didn't show up, she wanted a written excuse."

* * *

James T. was slowly saying his prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep. "If," his mother prompted. "If he hollers let him go. Eeny meeny miny mo."

"Hear about the terrible accident the other day in the street car?"

"What happened?"

"A lady had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

* * *

Skin—"Have a cigarette pal?"

Plip—"No thank you."

Skin—"I'll have to throw this snipe away then."

* * *

"How many Portuguese are there in this family?"

Landlady—"Six, a Portugoose, a Portagander and four Portugoslings."

* * *

Maude Cogley—"There's a piece of wood in this sandwich."

Dener Cogley—"What of that?"

Maude Cogley—"Well, I don't mind eating the dog but be hanged if I'll eat the kennel too."

* * *

Kieth Tydman—"Surveying a little?"

James T.—"No, surveying a lot."

* * *

Rodney—"A man told me I looked like you."

Leo Sullivan—"Where is he? I'd like to punch him."

Rodney—"I killed him."

* * *

Vernon G.—"ust happened to run into an old friend down town."

Harvey Horn—"Was he glad to see you?"

Vernon—"You bet not. I smashed his right fender."

* * *

Lloyd Johnson—"Why can't a man have a nose longer than eleven inches?"

Kenneth Turner—"Because if it were twelve inches it would be a foot you simp."

* * *

Wanted—Six prize fighters to lick postage stamps.

* * *

Why is an automobile like a woman? Because a man has got to get a license to run it.

Miss Russell—"Put plenty of nuts on the cake."

Francis Bates—"I'll crack no more nuts today, my jaw hurts already."

* * *

Harold Cole—"I love you, I love you, won't you be my wife?"

Mable H.—"You'll have to see papa first."

Harold—"I've seen him several times already. "But I love you just the same."

* * *

The minister caused some confusion when he said, "We will now pass around the bier."

* * *

Wifey—"I heard a noise last night when you came in."

Mr. Proudfit—"Perhaps it was night falling."

Wifey—"No, it was day breaking."

* * *

Marcel Cole—"If he kicked you, why didn't you kick him back?"

Olen—"Then it would be his turn to kick again."

* * *

Laura Belle—"Why does a man's hair turn gray, sooner than his mustache?"

Vivian Shaw—"Because it's about twenty-one years older."

* * *

Joe Martin—"Why can negroes keep a secret?"

Joe Cleveland—"Because they are sure to keep dark."

* * *

Harold Cole—"Who introduced salt pork in the navy?"

Ted Muhs—"Noah, when he took Ham into the Ark."

* * *

Helen Hatch—"Are you crying because that guy threw you down?"

Helen Hand—"Nô, he wouldn't pick me up."

* * *

Johnny missed two words in spelling. The words were, "hair" and "swear." Teacher told him to go to the board and write hair five times and swear five times.

* * *

"I drove an old lady through town the other day without receiving a single suggestion as to how to operate the car."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, I'm driving a hearse now."

Doctor (after examining eye)—"Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye."

Homer Coyle—"I knew it, that's what I get for working with those Dagoes."

* * *

The Passer-by—"You took a great risk in rescuing that boy, you deserve a medal. What prompted you to do it?"

Bert Porter—"He had my skates on."

* * *

Florence Barney—"We had a fine sunrise this morning."

Lillian Marks—"Sunrise! Why I'm always in bed before sunrise."

* * *

Cleo Lilly—"Isn't that great! We have a man on every base."

Olen—"What's the difference, so have they."

* * *

Wyman Cox—"Get off my feet."

Lillian H.—"It's too much of a walk."

* * *

Rodney—"I had an awful close shave in town this morning."

Ruth—"Mercy, Rod! What was the matter?"

Rodney—"I needed it."

* * *

Mr. Freeman—"What is the chemical formula for milk?"

Russell—"C-O-W."

WE WONDER WHY

Lillian giggles so much

Helen Hand wants to sit on the sewing table

Cleo watches the clock

Bertha W. looks so blue

The business arithmetic class can't find any room to recite in

Bert likes to talk to Mable

Ruth W. came to a certain entertainment without Rodney

Katherine Long always wants to go home

Dorothy always calls Louise, Nelly

James T. is becoming dignified

Vivian Shaw is getting frivolous

Louise S. is becoming very domestic

Lillian H. always combs her hair

Mr. Freeman likes to give the Biology class tests

And so we wonder why.

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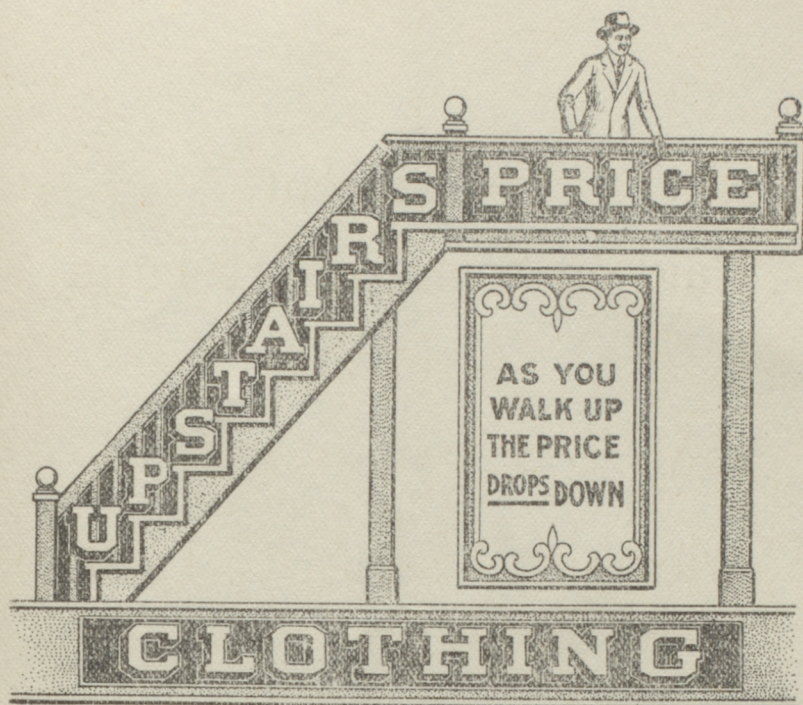
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